

WEE WISDOM

"YE are of God, little
Children. . . .
Greater is He that is
in you than he that
is in the world."



WEE WISDOM

STANDS FOR

The unwarped faith that believeth and hopeth all things.

"All things are possible to them that believe."

The freshness and purity that beholdeth Good Always.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The joy and gladness that are fullness of life and health.

"In Thy presence is fullness of joy.....
.....Thou wilt show me the path of life."

The truth that frees from the clutches of race heredity.

"One is your Father, even God."

The knowledge that *Jesus Christ* is the subjective spirit of every child.

"The kingdom of God is within you."

The understanding that our word is the builder of our environment.

"For without the Word was not anything made that was made."

Be ye therefore perfect, :: :: :: ::

Even as your Father in heaven is perfect.

—JESUS.



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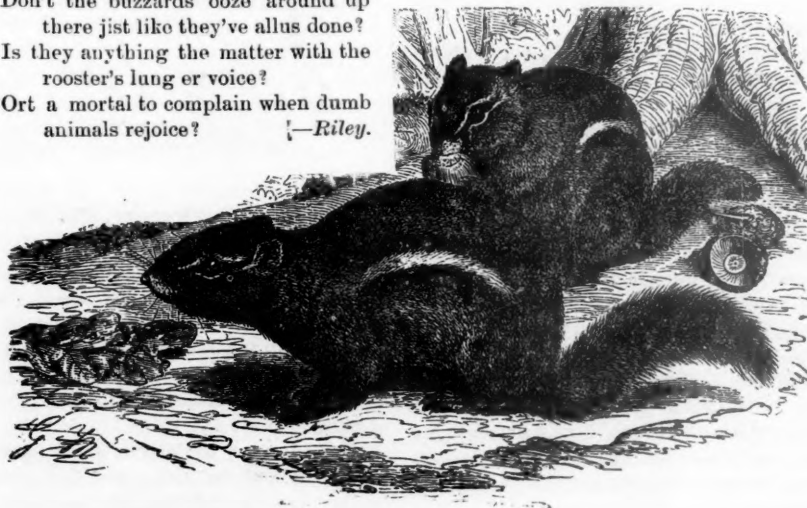
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5 cents for single copy.

No. .

The Chipmunk.

BY E. A. M.

Does the medder-lark complain as he swims high and dry
Through the waves of the wind and the blue of the sky?
Does the quail set up and whistle in a disapinted way,
Er hang his head in silence and sorrow all the day?
Is the chipmunk's health a-failin'? Does he walk or does he run?
Don't the buzzards ooze around up
there jist like they've allus done?
Is they anything the matter with the
rooster's lung er voice?
Ort a mortal to complain when dumb
animals rejoice? —Riley.



Our Wisdoms will see in the above picture two representatives of the rodent family that constitute one of our well known friends and neighbors of the woods. We speak of them generically as him, and introduce him with the quotation from one of Riley's poems, and perhaps our readers will discover in this story the reason for his good health to which the poet refers.

We are sorry the picture does not show the old upturned elm stump, with the polk berries and

ferns that grew above it, where we used to dig for but never caught any chipmunks.

Our friend, the chipmunk, has bright eyes and sharp teeth; and he is stout-hearted. His paws though small and neat, are strong and nimble, and are armed with claws sharp enough to dig his burrow deep in the ground, as need be, so that he may be perfectly safe from such foes as boys with dogs and shovels, etc. He seems to know all about such dangers in advance, for he nearly always

has several outlets to his burrow-home in different directions. Through some of these well concealed openings he can always make good his escape. You can be assured that he knows all the secure hiding places in the neighborhood of his home to which he can scamper when pursued.

He is very fond of beechnuts, as well as all kinds of nuts, buckwheat, sweet acorns, corn, berries, etc. And he has a pouch in each jaw in which he carries things to his home to live on through the winter. At such times he looks like he might have the toothache, but he don't believe in toothaches. His parents have taught him better, and they have also taught him another thing, that it pays to be always cheerful. His good health bright eyes, and good looks, are proof of this.

Dr. Merriam observes: "If suddenly surprised, he utters a sharp 'chip-per-r-r-r,' makes a quick dash for his retreat, which no sooner reached, than simultaneously with the disappearance of his tail, out pops his head, his keen, dark eyes gazing intently at the source of alarm." That cry of chip-per-r-r-r is worth remembering, because chipper means cheery.

We've no doubt the chipmunk has a very orderly house, and everything in it that is necessary for health and comfort. Our school teacher used to aptly say that she could tell what kind of a home her scholars came from by the way they looked at school.

The chipmunk, unlike other rodents, does not leave his nut shells inside his nest, but as soon as he has eaten the meat from them carries the hulls outside. The kernels of nuts is all the meat he eats, and his excellent physical health is good evidence that he eats just what he needs and no more.

Other squirrels build their nests in the tops of trees, but although the ground squirrel sleeps beneath the roots in the ground, and keeps his young, and stores his provisions there, he sometimes climbs trees and gambols among the branches, although he does not leap from one tree to another as do other squirrels.

Perhaps the two stripes on his sides are the marks by which other creatures in the woods recognize him as sentinel, for it is certain they all know his note of alarm, and will instantly fly to a place of safety.

The chipmunk is the connecting link between the squirrels and other families of rodents as, for instance, the gopher and prairie dog.

It is said that when Daniel Webster was a boy he won his first case by pleading for the freedom of a young chipmunk his brother Ezekiel had taken prisoner.

No doubt our boys and girls have all heard of Daniel Webster, the most eminent jurist this country has ever known, and his success as a lawyer and statesman. His father was the judge of this chipmunk trial, and the future orator sailed into his argument with so much earnestness as to bring tears to the eyes of Mr. Webster. In tones tremulous with emotion the father turned to his other son and commanded, "Zeke, you let that chipmunk go."

"Trifles lighter than straws are levers in building up of character;" and who knows but that the compassion for the defenseless chipmunk in whose behalf the boy Daniel won his first case was the key to his future success.

"Little things are little things, but to be perfect in little things is great."

Help along the Brightside School by subscribing for *Brightside*, a beautiful paper filled with the inspiration of a noble purpose. Price \$1.00. Address *Brightside*, Box 1526, Denver, Col.

The Story of Puss Gray.

BY MARY BREWERTON DEWITT.

As my story is a true one, I tell it to you myself that you may have all the particulars.

It does not matter where I lived in my kittenhood, so I will commence my tale at the beginning of my adventures. At that time I was living happily with fourteen other friends in a large place near the country, where we could find plenty to eat, as well as a good comfortable shed in which to rest at night.

One morning while wandering about my house with both eyes open for breakfast, for I was very hungry, I overheard two persons talking. I heard the word "cats," so I stood still to listen. "Yes, there are too many of them," a boy was saying. "I have already caught two big ones and five kittens; now, if you will catch that other wild one, I'll carry them off to-night."

Oh! my heart almost stopped beating. What were those two long, lean individuals going to do with my friends? and "that wild one" that meant me. No, indeed, no one should catch me, and immediately I slipped under a thick hedge, where I could see all that was going on and yet not be seen, at least so I thought.

Very soon I heard the girl's voice, "There, there, pussie, you are all right; don't be afraid; no one is going to hurt you."

I peeped out and saw her standing near a box, with slats across the top. I could also hear the faint cries for help coming from my friends, Mrs. Thomas and Bobbie, who were evidently shut up in the box. Bobbie, I am sorry to say, was blaming Mrs. Thomas for getting him into that tight place, whereas Mrs. Thomas had nothing at all to do with it, for we had seen very little of her for the past week, as she had spent most of her time in the greenhouse with her family. The kittens were too young to know the trouble they were in, so they were real quiet.

Soon I saw that boy come sneaking around the hedge where I was concealed. I knew he was after me, so I ran; and then he called the girl, "Here, Milicent, now's your chance; catch this cat. I have all the rest." I had a terrible fear then, but since I have learned much wisdom, and do not allow myself to be afraid. For a second I could not move from the open path where all eyes were fastened upon me.

"Now, show your power, Milicent, hypnotize that cat." That is the way that boy talked, but I forgave him now, for he was the means of bringing me into my present surroundings.

Milicent answered, "I am not going to hypnotize it, there's no truth in that, but I'll catch it."

Well, I can tell you I led that girl a pretty dance. First, I would be nearly under her hand, then I would be over the fence in a twinkling, and then into a shed of loose boards. If I had not been so frightened, I might have enjoyed this chase, but my heart beat so it was impossible to enjoy anything. I had the satisfaction of seeing Miss Milicent spoil her nice white dress, at least that was the way I felt about it then, but now I bless that girl, and the boy, too, for that matter. If I had had the faith in the good in people that I have now I would have let them catch me easily. At last Milicent gave up the chase, exclaiming that her good shoes were all dusty; and, of course, that boy laughed at her for not catching me, and cried out, "Pshaw, you can't hypnotize a little bit." But I noticed he couldn't catch me himself with all his fun-making.

The next day before noon, when all was quiet, I sneaked up on the back porch to have a little lunch with the house cat, for I was just about starving, but I never dreamed what would happen! A hand clutched the back of my neck before I knew it, and no squirming on my part was of any avail. I simply

could not get away, Milicent had caught me. I must confess she handled me very gently, but oh, how frightened I was! If I had only trusted her a little I would have been saved so much anxiety.

The first thing she did was to carry me into the house and show me to ever so many people. "See, this is the wild one. I just caught him. Is he not a beauty? Such a pretty gray."

Everyone admired me, but I did not care much for admiration then, for I was trembling with fright, even though Milicent was stroking me, and trying to soothe me with kind words.

"What are you going to do with that cat?" someone asked.

"I am going to give him something to eat first, and then I shall carry him away off where he will have a good home."

"Good home." Hadn't I a good home here? I did not believe a word she was saying.

She and another girl shut me into a close, small room, with two bowls of food, but I would not touch either. I did not dare eat. The girls went off and left me there. I could not possibly get out, and it seemed years that I stayed there, but I heard after that it was only a few hours, not even a whole day. At last when they did return it was with a basket. I knew well enough what that was for. I tried to hide in a corner of the room under a shelf, but Milicent pulled me out, and the dark-eyed girl opened the basket, and between them they got me in and shut me up in the dark. The rest of that day was terrible, but I know now that I brought it all upon myself through so much fear. I hardly know what happened after this until I was set free and breathed the pure air again.

I remember being carried in a basket for miles it seemed. Every now and then I would hear Milicent say, "Peace, peace, Kitty, you are all right; there is nothing to fear." This soothed and quieted me for a minute or two, but every now and then I would fling myself about trying to get free. Of course it was useless, for jumping only tired me, and frightened me more than ever, because every jump I gave I would hit my head against the basket, and then I would get such a shaking up. Never struggle against anything. It only makes matters worse, as I found to my cost.

"Peace, peace, Kitty, you are perfectly happy," that girl would say. Then I would calm down for half a minute, though I did not feel it was quite true that I was happy, still the words seemed to quiet me.

The next chapter in my journey Milicent knows the most about. I was fortunate in obtaining her

side of the story from a friend, who overheard her telling it to her friends in my old home, the big house, so you shall hear it in her own words.

MILICENT'S STORY.

Come, Frances and Violet, you two girls sit right there, and Jennie you, too, for I must tell you the day's adventures. I feel like the small boy who has tried to do some good, and instead has gotten everyone into trouble. Girls, this is a cat story, and a true one.

To begin with, Jennie helped me get that wild, gray cat into a basket, and off I started as gay as you please, with ten cents in my pocket to ride if I chose, which I didn't. I was noticeable enough without getting into a car among a lot of people. I started up the street towards the bridge, for I knew if I once got Pussy on the other side of the water he would not be able to find his way back again.

Well, I had a load to carry I can assure you. That cat grew heavier with every step I took. I believe he tried to make himself heavy. When he wasn't turning somersaults in the basket, he must have been standing on his head, and then down he would come with a flop, and I'd clutch the basket wildly, for it seemed every minute as if it would go flying out of my hand.

Such unearthly yawls you never heard! I would treat the cat to thoughts of peace, and quiet him down for a minute; then seeing some one approaching my pride would stare me in the face and say, "Don't let that cat yell," and then I would whisper to Kitty, "Peace, good Kitty, you're happy; you know you are." And Puss, for a wonder, considering my own anxiety for fear she would mew, would keep still.

But what a circus we had when we neared the bridge; the basket nearly turned upside down with that cat's struggles. I really believe the poor thing knew where we were, and thought I intended drowning him.

"Peace, peace, Pussy; you're all right, and safe, and satisfied," I would say, while Puss would make a wild leap inside the basket, till it seemed as if I might any minute go sprawling in the dust and cat and basket get away, for by this time the basket was quite as lively as the cat.

Crossing the bridge was agony for both of us. Pussy would cry out, "Yeow, yeow, yow!" in heart-breaking wails; while I would whisper, "Peace, peace."

A car passed us, and I felt thankful for the noise it made, while I gripped my basket tighter than ever so that no one should know it held a live

creature. I think I overcame some pride that day. Anyway I learned that I had quite a mountain of it to overcome.

At last we reached the opposite shore, and by this time Puss had become quiet. I soon spied three pretty children in the distance approaching me, one eating bread and butter, the other two demurely walking alongside. Now is my chance to give Kitty a good home.

"Howdy do. Wouldn't you like a cat?" I exclaimed coming boldly to the point.

"What kind of a cat?" asked the older one, a bright-eyed girl of seven or eight.

"Why, I don't know what kind of a cat, but it's a big cat, not a little kitten, you know. It's rather wild, but its pretty, with gray stripes."

"I don't know," said the little girl. "I don't think we want it, but come up to our house, and ask my mother."

"Of course you must ask your mother; then I might let the cat loose in your yard, and if you catch him, and like him, you can have him."

"Is that your sister?" I asked, pointing to the next younger child, for I saw I had made a favorable impression and wished to keep it up.

"I suppose you all go to school," I continued, as I followed the three across the field towards their home, a white cottage surrounded by a small garden. The older girl pushed open the gate and we all walked in.

"Now, girls, if I had dreamed of meeting a real live, grown person, I never would have gone, but I didn't dream. Run and ask your mother if you can have the cat," I said to the small girl.

She forthwith disappeared behind a lattice fence, from which direction came the refreshing sound of the watering of the garden. You know how warm it has been all day, and I would have been glad to rest and cool off some, but there was no time, for the child appeared almost instantly, with "Here she is, here's my mother."

I suddenly came to the knowledge that my fear was as great as the cat's, for there facing me stood a tall, lank woman in a big sunbonnet, with garden hose in hand. I found my voice immediately. "I told your little girl she might have this cat if you would like her to; it is a grown cat, not a kitten. We had too many cats at home."

"We have five cats already and don't want no more," answered the woman.

"Well, I should think so, that's quite enough. I shall have to turn this loose somewhere. I suppose the field would do."

"I put mine in the Bay when there's too many," said the woman.

This was a gentle hint for me. "Oh, I couldn't do that, I wouldn't kill it," I hastily answered. Then with a very sheepish and foolish feeling, I backed out of her whitewashed gate and murmured, that I would let the cat loose in the field near by. Oh, wild thought! but at the time I imagined it an excellent one. Back of the fence I saw a small house with open door; this I supposed was the wood-shed — but no.

Once again in the open field, cautiously I opened the basket, while one of the children looked on. Puss was not slow. He made a wild dash for the shed, the small girl exclaimed, and such a squawking and clucking began, that I was made to realize the height of my folly, as well as the fact that Puss had trespassed upon a chicken ranch.

My! what a fluttering. The woman instantly appeared upon the spot. "Oh, my chickens! I've lost so many on account of them cats," were her plaintive words.

"Oh, this cat won't hurt them; he won't touch chickens; he does not like them," I hastened to assure her, in the meantime praying fervently that he would live up to my words. "Besides he's too frightened to do any harm," I added.

Between us we shooed that cat out, and, well, I felt like a culprit. I haven't the faintest idea where the poor cat is. He dashed wildly across the fields, and disappeared over a ditch, and I took my leave at the same time.

Here's your ten cents, Jennie. I did not ride home, though. I did think I was a little tired, but I laughed every step of the way.

CONCLUSION OF PUSS GRAY'S STORY.

After I ran out of the chicken house and across the ditch, I saw a comfortable looking farm house in the distance. I quickly found my way into the yard, and hid myself in the stable in the hay until night. There I thought over all my adventures, and it all came to me clearly that I had been very foolish to be so frightened, and that I would "turn over a new leaf," as the saying is, and try and trust more. Milicent hadn't done me any harm, and I had made such a fuss that it had been impossible for her to carry out her plan. She had to tell that woman I was wild, and if I had been gentle, maybe those people would have kept me with their other cats, for six isn't so many more than five.

After coming to the conclusion of being more courageous, I crawled from my hiding place, and looked about me for something to eat, for I was hungry having gone twenty-four hours without a bit.

While creeping about I saw a little girl run

down the steps of the house. I was just about to run into the stable again, but to my surprise the little girl went straight back into the house, and then I heard her call, "Mamma, O mamma, here's a strange cat, and it's so pretty. May I give it some milk?"

"Why, yes, dear," I heard her mother say, and soon the girl returned carrying a saucer of milk. I was too hungry to resist that, so I waited till she had gone back up the steps, which she did when she saw how frightened I was. Then I cautiously crept up to the saucer and lapped every drop. I never tasted anything so good.

Indeed, I had fallen into the hands of kind-hearted people, for I must confess they are very good to me. The little girl, Nannie her name is, never teases me. But I never get a bit of meat, still I am satisfied about that since I have learned that meat is only a poor dead cow, or pig. I don't want my friends killed just to feed me. Nannie has also taught me not to kill birds, so I have become a vegetarian, and as I have overcome a great deal of my old fear, I am now a very happy, contented cat, so Milicent's words for my peace and happiness came true after all.

The other day I met Mrs. Thomas and she told me that that boy took them all—that is, Bobbie and the kittens and herself—to a beautiful home in a flour mill, and they are all very happy. I told her that I was also happily fixed, and very contented, and expect to remain so, for Nannie says, "Always expect Good and you will get it."

She also says she can never be thankful enough for her dear Puss Gray.

Affirmations—Good for Everybody.

[We give below some affirmations which one of our young readers formulated, and was using, and we give them that all the Wee Wisdoms may make them, and the big Wisdoms, too, will find them good.]

Father my life, Father my health, Father my strength, and Father my salvation, let my five senses be spiritualized. Let me have spiritual wisdom and understanding, for I know Christ is all. Christ is the "I AM," the Principle of this whole universe, the Great Omnipresent Mind. Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. He is the one God unchangeable.

"Come all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

ANNA C. FREAS.

Ye Editor's Sanctum.

THIS is the day you can look over our shoulder and see how matters are going on here. You will see this letter first—'way from Alaska. Notice the postmark on the envelope shows it was mailed on Christmas day, and you will not wonder it has been till the sixth of January getting here. (Hunt up your geography and see how far it is from Alaska to Kansas City.) But what pleases us is it is from "Ben's" papa and tells us about Ben. Ben is one of us, and we are so glad to know we have Ben way up there. This is how the letter reads:

DYEA, ALASKA., Dec. 22, '98.

Dear Wee Wisdoms:

I submit the following outline of a dream that our son, Ben, had a few nights ago. There seems to be merit in it and it has had a good effect on Ben. Being impressed with your very beautiful and happy manner of presenting subjects to children, a manner which is both pleasing and helpful. I thought possibly you would see some way of making this dream the groundwork, at least, of an article that would be read with benefit by the little ones. Yours truly, J. F. J.

"The groundwork of an article?" Why, bless the dear boy's soul! Its groundwork and all. Just as it is—its the *genuine* thing right from the boy's own tongue. And may "the Spirit of Truth" be allowed to walk ever with Ben and all Wee Wisdoms and teach them that stillness is more than fighting, and that *one true thought* will put a thousand "mean" ones to flight. God bless our Ben, and keep him from being "side-tracked."

Speaking about changing boy's ways of putting things reminds me, I have had a lesson on this subject since I met you last. The two young authors I spoke of then I fear are nipped right in the bud, because, as they put it, their "pieces aint like we wrote 'em." The younger one says, "You put it 'Royal's Story' and I had it 'Conversation between the Wind and the Leaf,' and that's what it was, and that's what I wanted it, and I'm not going to write when you don't fix it right." So, dear children, we're liable to go on wondering, and wondering, and wondering, and wondering, maybe forever, what the wind told that little leaf.

You see life doesn't always seem like *unthorny* roses to editors.

And the other author? Well, we'll veil the intensity of his "klondyke" when he read and commented upon the "Evolution of Santa Claus" as it appeared in January WEE WISDOM. He objected to the interpolations and changes, and said it did not mean at all "that way" what he meant, and he wasn't going to own the story at all, and he wasn't going to write for anybody that meddled with his stories, either. What do you think of that? What would you do about it if you were in the editor's chair? And won't you, dear Wisdom's, indulge your editor in a little liberty with your spelling and English now and then, and love her none the less for it?

The new *Brightside* is on our table today. It is just full of Brightside boys. Every one of you will enjoy looking at them. You can have one for your own if

you will send ten cents to *Brightside*, Box 1526, Denver, Col., and ask Mr. Field to send you the December one.

As I read over what I have just said about the *Brightside* papers and boys I see you might send your ten cents expecting to get *a boy* for it, but I wouldn't want you to think that—it's the picture boys in it you will get. Maybe you can get subscribers for it and so help those dear boys realize more largely.

The young author's golden poll has again taken its place at the desk. He thinks better of it and will finish his story. But he tells me continued stories are "not comfortable," for "they make you feel compelled." So he'll just write them all at once and then they're done with.



Valentines.

MARY B. DE WITT.



The *Song.*

Be good, be happy, be true little one,
Sing and be glad 'ere the bright day is done,
Then listen and hear the wise bird's "Too whoo!"
He's trying to teach his wisdom to you.

To My Valentine.

Sweet little girl
Laughing in glee,
I've come to bring
My love to thee.



Love Valentine.

The birds and the bees
Are singing above,
They sing of God's
Wonderful, wonderful love.

Robin's Valentine.

Pretty Robin Redbreast, singing loud and clear,
Pretty Robin Redbreast sings to thee, my dear,
"Be glad, be glad, be glad my sweet.
Tweet-a-tweet, a-tweet, a-tweet!"



*Love suffereth long, and is kind;
Love envieth not;
Love vaunteth not itself,
Is not puffed up;
Doth not behave itself unseemly;
Seeketh not its own,
Is not provoked,
Taketh no account of evil;
Rejoiceth not in iniquity,
But rejoiceth in the truth;
Beareth all things,
Believeth all things,
Hopeth all things,
Endureth all things.*

Epistles.

MERRIAM, KAN., Dec. 29, 1898.

Dear Mrs. Fillmore:

I	thank	you	ever	so	much
for	the	book	that	you	sent
me.	It	is	kind	of	you
to	think	of	me.	I	am
going	to	school,	and	try	to
be	the	star	scholar.		
Papa	pays	me	5c	for	every
star	that	I	get,	so	it
pays	to	be	good.	Your	

SPIRIT CHRISTIE.

We can see by the form of Christie's letter that he writes his lessons in nice straight columns. Yes it pays Christie and everybody else to be good, but it don't always pay in nickles. Once Christie

"b'lev'd" he had a bad, bad toothache till he suddenly remembered something, and then he said, "No, Spirit Christie, your tooth don't ache," and then he got his pay right on the spot, for the ache went away. And that is why he signs himself, "Spirit Christie."

The Primary School.

THERESA B. H. BROWN.

And their faces were like lillies, and their eyes of purest dew,
And their tresses like the shadows that the shine is woven through;
And they each had little burdens and a little tale to tell
Of fairy lore, and giants, and delights delectable.

—Riley.

The primary school are in their accustomed places, that is, they are all around Miss Josie.

"Good morning, children," she says. "What did we talk about last Sunday?"

"We talked about the little baby in—in the—feed-trough," cries Sam,

"Oh!" says Miss Josie, in a surprised voice, while a smile breaks over her face.

"Yes, it was," yells Sam, while the children all laugh. "'Tause there wasn't room for it and its mamma in the hotel, and they put 'em out wiv' the oxen; but they didn't hurt him, they jus' eat away, and God wouldn't let them hurt him, cause it was God's own baby."

"But, Sammie," begins wise Nellie, "it wasn't called a feed-trough—"

"Guess I know; I saw one at grandma's when I was there Kismas. Mamma said 'twas a stable like that, and where they put the hay for the oxen was where they put the baby."

"Bat mamma called it a manger," says Nellie; but Sannie does not want to give up and then the children all began talking at once so that Miss Josie had to rap on the table with her pencil.

"Just one at a time, please," says Miss Josie. "Little Sammie means all right. A manger is a place in a stable or barn where stock is fed, and some people call it a feed-trough, and a hotel and inn are the same thing. I have heard older people get into confusion just in the same way over words, losing sight of important things. It is not good to dispute. If we are quiet and think a moment we will know what we wish to say."

"Yes," says Sammie, "I 'member now, mamma did say a feed-trough was a manger."

"A little star went and shined over the manger," says Maudie.

"And it was dark on a big hill, and some men were taking care of the little lambs so the wolves wouldn't get 'em, and God lighted a big lamp and put it in the sky," says Sam.

"No, no, Sammie," exclaims Nellie, "the angels were God's lamps, and they don't have to be lighted, 'cause God is Light and He shines through them all the time."

"We've got a baby at our house," says Bennie. His name is Wilum Kinley. Brother Dick calls him 'Bill,' and mother says he's an angel, but he don't shine."

"I am glad little children," says Miss Josie, "that you remember your lessons so well. Several weeks ago we had one about God. All who can tell me something we learned that day may raise their hand."

Every hand went up.

"Johnie may answer."

"We learned that God is Good and God is everywhere," says Johnie.

"And the next Sunday after that we learned about the little Christ-child," says Maudie.

"Yes," said Miss Josie, "I see you have remembered your lessons very well. When you truly know that God's life is your life then the Christ-child is within you. Your little body is His home. Then your thoughts are like the angels; the light shines through them, then you love everybody and every one loves you. You grow beautiful every day."

"Des' like the flowers?" whispers Maudie.

"Yes," says Miss Josie, "and you grow strong. You can do things because you have the strength of God in you."

"Can we play wiv' it?" asks Sam

"Yes, indeed," says Miss Josie. "It will help you to run races, throw a ball, jump the rope, play leap-frog, learn your lessons, or do your work."

"When my little chicken was hurted, I made her well," says Mary.

"What did you say to her," asks Miss Josie.

"God loves you, little chickie," was the answer.

"We talked to our horse when he was limping and he got well," cried Sammie in a shrill voice.

"Aunt Annie healed our baby when he burned his hand," says Benny.

"What were they all healed with?" asks Miss Josie.

"Wiv' our angel thoughts," answers Maudie.

"The Christ in us speaks the word, and the word heals," says Nellie.

"Christ is power," says Miss Josie. "Power to do things means you can do them, and that strength or power is everywhere because Christ, the Son, and the Father are one, and God is everywhere. You may repeat in concert after me the following seven statements; repeat each one three times:

"God is All and in All.

"Christ is All and in All.

"God is everywhere.

"Christ is Power.

"Christ is God's perfect idea.

"Christ and God are One."

"What does idea mean, Miss Josie?" says Charley.

"What is your father's trade Charley?" she asks.

"He is a carpenter," is the answer.

"Now," says the teacher, "will you tell me the first thing he does before he begins to build a house?"

After thinking a moment, Charley replies, "He first makes a map or picture of it."

"That is it," says Miss Josie. "The picture or plan is your father's idea of the house already in his mind. And *Christ is God's perfect idea.*"

Miss Josie knows by the answering shine in the "eyes of purest dew" that are looking into hers that she is understood.

"Now," she says, "we will write another long word on the board for the B class to spell for us," and she writes:

OMNIPOTENCE.

"This word, children, means ALL POWER."

Then Miss Josie takes her seat and tells them to keep still as Mamie, of Mrs. Ame's class, is going to recite a poem for them. Mamie recites "Christmas Tide" (See December WEE WISDOM) and the children sing "I'm a Sunbeam" (See January WEE WISDOM).

"You are dismissed," says the superintendent, and the children say "Good bye" to their teachers and go home.

Conversation Between the Wind and the Leaf.

(Concluded.)

BY ROYAL.

"You work all the summer doing your task. Your task is making the little buds in the sunshine, which are to be little leaves like what you are next summer. And some of them are to be blossoms and some of them big branches. And I'm just going to give you a holiday for your work."

I can't tell any more about what the wind said because the wind don't talk in words. And I've decided I will not write continued stories any more, because you feel compelled when you write continued stories, and I don't like to feel compelled.

I've got a little piece in my Speech Book. I want you all to see. Here it is—

"I'm very young for a soldier,
That you can plainly see,
But if you'll only wait awhile
You'll hear great deeds of me.

"My battlefield must be the world,
Where I must bravely fight,
The wrong must be my enemy,
Let me strike for the right."

*The Dream as Ben Told it.**

I took my sled and went coasting. There was a long hill, and several boys and girls there. About two-thirds of the way down the hill was a deep "jump-off," which had been filled up with snow and made safe and good in the straight track. But before you got down that far there was a "side-track" where some of the boys would run into this jump-off." Some of them went there because they couldn't help it, and some because the others did and because they thought it fun.

I started down and turned into the "side-track" because I wanted to go with the crowd, but some one took hold of my coat-sleeve and pulled me over into the straight track and I went down that way.

When I got down the hill I seemed to be all alone. I had no sled. The snow was gone and the trees were green as in summer, and I was very lonely. Then I saw a man walking ahead of me a little ways, and he stopped and waited for me and asked me what the matter was. I told him I was lonely and he wanted to know why. Then we walked along together and talked "and we got acquainted." I knew that it was the Spirit, but I can't remember what was said, only that I was happy and not lonely anymore.

We were walking along at the foot of the mountains. They were on the left hand, and covered with trees and grass and beautiful flowers. On the right was a large desert. Pretty soon some men came along and commenced "talking mean" and trying to hurt us. I commenced fighting them, but the Spirit said, "No; do nothing." Three times I commenced fighting, and each time the Spirit told

me "not to do a thing but keep real still." "Then I got real close to the Spirit, just like a little baby," and —. I don't know how he did it, I couldn't see him do anything, but just walk right ahead and the men all ran away from us as fast as they could.

Juvenile Bible Lessons.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

Lesson 8. February 19.

Christ Feeding the Five Thousand John 6:1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*I am the bread of life. John 6:35.*

When the people had seen how much good Jesus had done they were glad to follow him. When we see anyone that is gentle and loving, and one who is doing good deeds we like to be near that person; for being with one who is kind to us makes us happy and contented. So great crowds of people followed Jesus, and it was on one of these times when Jesus was teaching all day, that the people grew very hungry, and Jesus asked Philip, who was one of his followers, what they had to feed the people with. Andrew, who stood near, told Jesus that there was a little boy present who had five barley loaves and two small fishes. When Jesus heard this he told that great company of people to be seated, and then he had the loaves and fishes divided among them, and everyone had all he could eat, and so much was left over that they filled twelve baskets. This lesson teaches us many things. No one need ever be hungry or want for any good thing. All we need do is to think of God, and know that He blesses all that we have, and try and be contented with what we now have. If we are contented and happy with all that we have, more and more good will come to us. If you have only one dress to wear, do not fret, but bless it and praise it, and say it is a nice dress, and keep it neat and clean and thank God for it, and when you are not expecting it someone will give you a new one.

I once knew a lady who had twenty or more children come to see her. She had just two apples to divide among them. She blessed the apples and cut them up into many slices and passed the plate again and again to the children. Each child had all he could eat, and when they said they had all they cared for there was half an apple left over beside some small slices.

Always thank God and bless all that you have. Do all that you can for Christ's sake. Give some of all that you have to others, and you will be blessed.

* Ben lives in Alaska, and this is just as he told this dream to his papa.

*Lesson 9. February 26.**Christ at the Feast. John 7:14, 28-37.*

GOLDEN TEXT.—*If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink. John 7:37.*

The temple, or house of God, is your body, and we must all keep our bodies beautiful, sweet, holy, and healthy for the Christ to live in. The way to keep the body sweet and pure is to think God thoughts all the time. If we think God thoughts, then we think about God, about health and joy, strength, peace and love, these are all holy thoughts Jesus knew that his body belonged to God, and he taught the people the same. We must all know that we can do as we please with our body if we will. Our body, or flesh, must not make us do what it wants. Nothing need ever make us sick when we know that God rules us, and you and I are greater than our body, because the really true of us is our thought, or soul, or mind, that which thinks and cannot be seen. Cold and wet cannot hurt us, for God is everywhere. His strength is within us. Only Good is in the rain and wind and snow.

Sometimes it may seem that a little boy or girl cannot remember a good thought, and he feels very queer and sad. Then is the time to think of Jesus Christ, for surely that little boy or girl must be very hungry and thirsty for the Good. Just sit very still and say, "O Jesus Christ within my own heart helps me to remember the Good." This is the way to come to Jesus, for he said, "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink." Then you will see how the good thoughts will run to you and help you, and it will be so easy to be good again, and you will be filled with joy, for you will know that the Christ child is your own true self, and you live and dwell in God, the everlasting Good.

*Lesson 10. March 5.**Christ Freeing from Sin. John 8:12, 31-36.*

GOLDEN TEXT.—*If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed. John 8:36.*

To be free means to have nothing to trouble or or worry us. If anyone is truly free, then that one is happy and glad. A naughty child is not free, but very unhappy and uncomfortable. Sometimes a little girl or boy will run away up the street when mother is calling. Now this is naughty, and that little one is not free, for when he is caught he has to be tied up or shut into a room, and then he is not free. He really ties himself up, because he would be naughty. The way to be free is to be good and obedient.

Christ makes us free from all naughtiness, and sorrow and trouble when we know that he dwells within the heart of everyone. Christ is the beautiful holy Spirit. Christ is the Son of God. He is your True Self. When you listen to your True Self, then you are happy and free. You are God's little boy or girl, and He loves you, for He is your Father. He has made you like Himself, to be good and happy and free.

We cannot think and speak too many good words. Every true word we speak is helping us to remember that we are God's children. Here are some true words for you to say over every morning:

I am God's child.

I am free from all naughtiness.

I am free from all sickness.

I am free in God.

God makes me happy and free.

Truth makes us free in God, for Truth is God.

*Lesson 11. March 12.**Christ Healing the Blind Man. John 9, 1-11.*

GOLDEN TEXT.—*One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see. John 9:25.*

When you are passing along the street and you see a lame man, or a blind one, then is the time to send out a healing thought. Think for that one, "You are the child of God; God makes you well. God makes you to see." It is God, our Father who heals through us. We could not do any good thing without our Father. Whenever you see any one who does not seem to know about the Good, be sure and send them a loving thought, for that helps them to know health, strength, and happiness.

Once there was a lady who was traveling on the steam cars with a little boy and girl. As they were moving out from one small station, the little boy, who's name was Jack, cried out, "Oh see the little dog; he is lame; look, he goes on three legs!"

"Let us treat him," said the lady.

So the two children and their friend sent doggie a thought like this, "God is with you. You can't be lame. God's life is in you." Pretty soon the train began to start up rather fast and Jack who was watching at the window cried out, "Look! look! doggie is going on four feet! Quick see him, he is all well."

So little sister and the lady just looked out in time, for the train began to go so fast that the dog was soon out of sight, but they saw he was healed. Jesus Christ told us long ago that we too must do the works of God just as he did.

God, our Father, will work through us, and people can be healed of sickness, and lameness, and blindness.

I know a little girl who plays out in the sunshine now and is very happy, but before she was healed by God she used to cry and cover her eyes from the light. Now her eyes are all well, and she is a happy, cheerful little girl.

God is our health. To do good and heal we must have faith, and know and believe that God our Father is working through us. Always remember that sickness is like a dream, not really true, for only Good is true.

Daniel Webster.

If the young folks who read our paper could have wandered along the banks of the Merrimac River in New Hampshire, over one hundred years ago, they might have climbed to the summit of Mt. Washington, and with the aid of a good field-glass have seen the very spot where our Pilgrim Fathers landed, then might they have looked down at a valley lying in the shadow of Mt. Washington and have seen about two and a half miles from the Merrimac River a farm house in the center of a farm of one hundred and sixty acres.

It was a good house of one story, and a gigantic elm tree stretched its great arms all over the house; and underneath the tree there played in summer five children. The boys' names were Daniel and Ezekiel. There were three girls in the family, besides the father and mother.

But we will speak of Daniel, because he is the one that all your histories that you study at school will tell you about.

These children attended school in a log school-house about one-half mile from their home, and if I close my eyes I can see little Daniel with his dinner bucket swinging in his mittened hand trudging along through the snow to school.

He went only in the winter, but his mamma taught him his letters before he started to school at all; he could read well when quite young. I imagine that the reason Zeke and Dan only went in the winter was because they helped on the farm in the warm weather.

What gay times they had climbing the mountain and rambling through the wooded lands of New Hampshire during the summer. I think that sometimes they went to the seashore with their parents, and often to the town of Salesburg, then called Hillsboro, not far away.

The name of Daniel's mother was Abigail Eastman before she became Mrs. Webster, and she was of Welsh parentage. His father was of Scotch

descent, and the name of his father was Ebenezer. This was also the name of Daniel's grand and great grandfather Webster.

Daniel was a tender-hearted little fellow, as some of you have already learned, and it is said of him that he was very timid.

When he was quite a youth, and sent away to school, it was some time before he could overcome his shyness enough to speak in public, but his teacher recognized his ability and encouraged him until finally he was successful in overcoming his extreme bashfulness.

His first teacher after his mother was Thomas Chase, and afterwards James Tappan. Mr. Tappan was still living in 1851.

When Daniel Webster had become the "Honorable Daniel Webster," Mr. Tappan wrote him a letter and Daniel Webster showed his tender heart and refined nature in his reply to Mr. Tappan.

He enclosed a fifty dollar bank note in the letter, more than Mr. Tappan had ever received in a whole winter's teaching in Salesburg. We quote for our readers Mr. Webster's kind and noble letter to his old-time schoolmaster.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 26, 1851.

Master Tappan.

I thank you for your letter, and am rejoiced to know that you are among the living. I remember you perfectly well as my teacher when I was a little boy. I suppose my mother must have taught me to read very early, as I cannot remember when I could not read the Bible. I think Master Chase was my first schoolmaster; then came Master Tappan.

Most of those whom you knew in Salesburg have passed away.

Mr. Sanborn, who is about your age, is still living upon the hill.

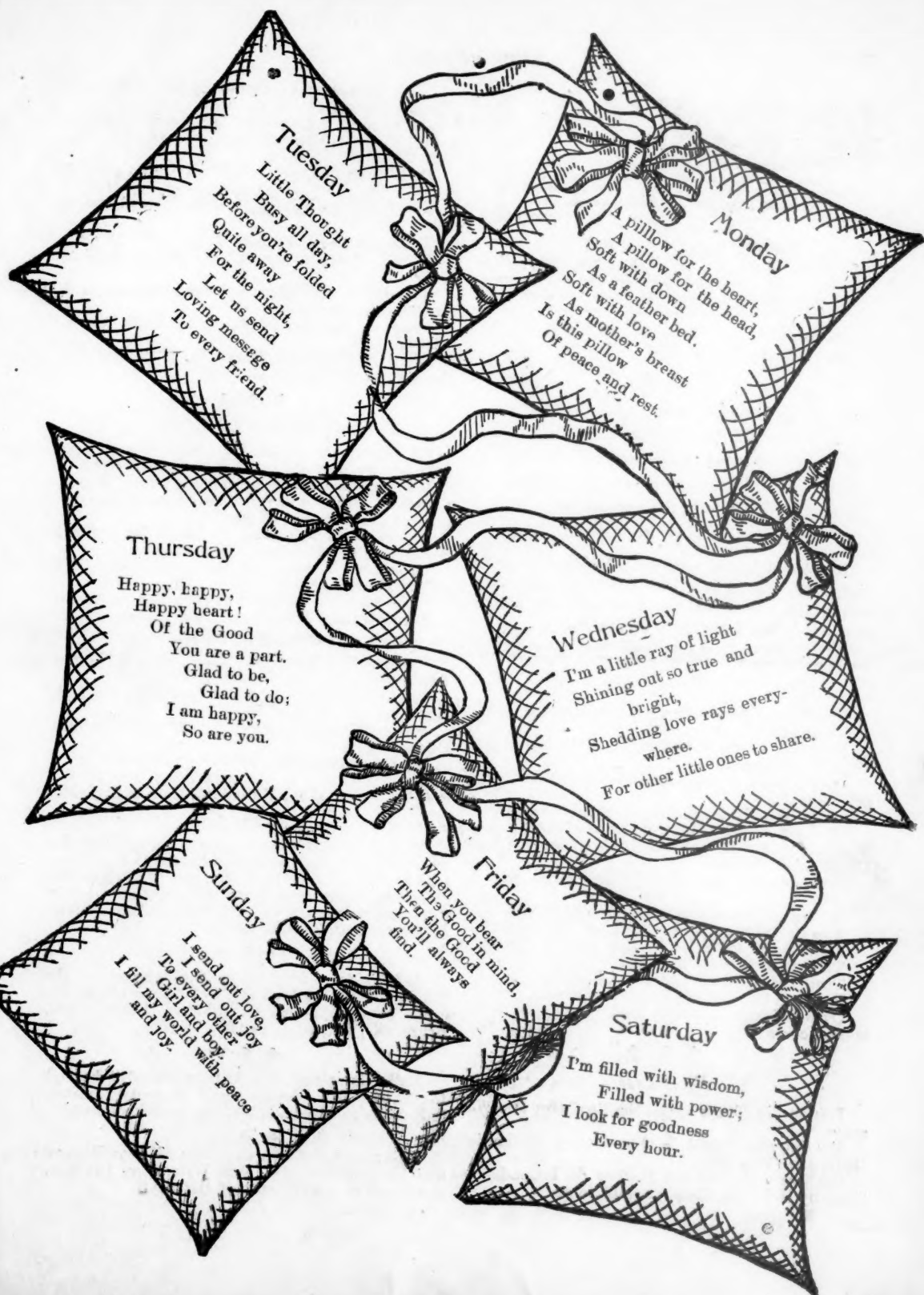
You have, indeed, lived a checkered life. I hope you have been able to bear prosperity with meekness, and adversity with patience. Then things are far better than we could order them for ourselves. We may pray for daily bread, that the Kingdom of God may come in us and in all men, and His will everywhere be done. * * * Our Heavenly Father knoweth what we have need of, and we are sure that His eye and loving kindness are upon and around us every moment.

I thank you again, my good schoolmaster for your kind letter, which has awakened many happy recollections, and with all good wishes.

I remain your friend and pupil,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

When you study the lives of the successful men and women of the world you will learn that only the truly good are great. This good lies deep in the heart of everyone, and when it shines forth everything else in man is dissolved. It never ceases to shine, it never dies, because its source is God.



Monday

A pillow for the heart,
A pillow for the head,
Soft with down
As a feather bed,
Soft with love
As mother's breast
Is this pillow
Of peace and rest.

Tuesday

Little Thought
Busy all day,
Before you're folded
Quite away
For the night,
Let us send
Loving message
To every friend.

Wednesday

I'm a little ray of light
Shining out so true and
bright,
Shedding love rays every-
where.
For other little ones to share.

Thursday

Happy, happy,
Happy heart!
Of the Good
You are a part.
Glad to be,
Glad to do;
I am happy,
So are you.

Friday

When you bear
The Good in mind,
Then the Good
You'll always
find.

Saturday

I'm filled with wisdom,
Filled with power;
I look for goodness
Every hour.

Sunday

I send out love,
I send out joy
To every other
Girl and boy.
I fill my world with peace
and joy.



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St. Valentine's month.



Nine T. Nine,
With face a-shine,
Has come to be your valentine;
Without a whimper, or a whine,
Your jolly, little valentine.



How beautiful to send out a loving message to everybody. Let us keep little Love busy this whole month, flying here and there, everywhere, telling good and loving thoughts to everybody.



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